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Caviar

Boròka Bò

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BORÒKA BÒ

Caviar

I don't see you as a maid...
He said
Confused
Because I like the opera
Lose myself in theatre
Loye olives and caviar
With my sentences complete

How will THAT look on a résumé?
He doesn't understand
That my grandmother
Cleaned houses
As a toddler
I held the dustpan

It is in my blood
This work
Being a woman and all
I carry the legacy
Of hundreds of generations—
Goddesses scrubbing
Their backs parallel to the floor
Wings carefully folded
Focused on the task at hand